

# The Million Dollar Mystery

By HAROLD MAC GRATH

Illustrated from Scenes in the Photo Drama of the Same Name by the Thanhouser Film Company

(Copyright, 1914, by Harold MacGrath)

was beginning to pick up fine bits of information! So Florence Hargrave was going to have a new father in a day or so? There were some clever rogues among this band of theirs; but their cleverness was well offset by an equal number of fools.

Yes, there were some clever rogues, and to prove this assertion Braine secured a taxicab and drove furiously away, his destination the home of his ancient enemy. He dropped the cab a block or two away and presently stowed himself away in the summer house at the left of the lawn. It would have been a capital idea—that is, if the other man had not thought of and anticipated this very thing. So he used a public pay station telephone; and Braine waited in vain, waited till the lights in the Hargrave house went out one by one and it became wrapped in darkness within and moonshine without.

Braine was a philosopher. He returned to his waiting taxicab, drove home, paid the bill, smiling grimly, and went to bed. It was going to be a wonderful game of blind man's buff, and it was going to be sport to watch this fool Paroff blunder into a pit.

The next afternoon Florence and Norton sat in the summer house talking of the future. Lovers are prone to talk of that. As if anything else in the world ever equals the present! They talked of nice little apartments and vacations in the summer and how much they would save out of his salary, and a thousand and one other things which would not interest you at all if I recounted them in detail. But they did love each other, and they were going to be married; you may be certain of that. They did not care a snap of the finger what Jones thought. They were going to be married, and that was all there was to it. Of course, Florence couldn't touch a penny of her father's money. If he, Norton, couldn't take care of her without help, why, he wouldn't be worth the powder to blow him up with.

"But, my dear, you must be very careful," he said. "Jones and I will always be about somewhere. If they really get hold of you once, God alone knows what will happen. It is not you, it is your poor father they want to bring out into the open. If they knew where he was they would not bother you in the least."

"Have I really a father? Sometimes I doubt. Why couldn't he steal into the house and see me, just once?"

"Perhaps he dares not. This house is always watched, night and day, though you'll look in vain to discover any one. Your father knows best what he is doing, my dear girl. You see, I met him years ago in China; and when he started out to do a certain thing he generally did it. He never botched any of his plans. So we all must wait. Only I'm going to marry you all the same, whether he likes it or not. The rogues will try to impose upon you again; but do not pay any attention to notes or personals in the papers. And it was a lucky thing that I was on the freighter that picked you up at sea. I shall always wonder how that yacht took fire."

"So shall I," replied Florence, her brows drawing together in puzzlement. "Sometimes I think I must have done it. You know, people out of their heads do strange things. I seem to see myself as in a dream. And this man Braine is a scoundrel!"

"Yes; and more than that, he is the dear friend of the countess. But understand, you must never let her dream or suspect that you know. By lulling her into overconfidence some day she will naturally grow careless, and then we'll have them all. I think I understand what your father's idea is: not to have them arrested for blackmail, but practically to exterminate them, put them in prison for such terms of years that they'll die there. When you see a snake, a poisonous one, don't let it get away. Kill it. Well, I must be off to work."

"And you be careful, too. You are in more danger than I am."

"But I'm a man and can dodge quick," he laughed, picking up his hat. "What a horrid thing money is! If I hadn't any money, nobody would bother me."

"I would," he smiled. He wanted to kiss her, but the eternal Jones might be watching from the windows; and so he patted her hand instead and walked down the gravelled path to the street.

It was difficult work for Florence to play at friendship. She was like her father; she did not bestow it on every one. She had given her friendship to the Russian, the first real big friendship in her life, and she had been roughly disillusioned. But if the countess could act, so could she; and of the two her acting was the more consummate. She could smile and laugh and jest, all the while her heart was burning with wrath.

One day, a week or so after her meeting with Norton in the summer house, Olga arrived, beautifully gowned, handsome as ever. There was not the least touch of the adventuress in her makeup. Florence had just received some mail, and she had



There Was Not the Least Touch of the Adventuress in Her Makeup.

or not. Thus, she did not dare destroy it. She first thought of changing the clock; then she concluded to drop the letter exactly where she found it and trust to luck.

When Florence returned she explained that her absence had been due to some trifling household affair.

Said the Russian: "I come primarily to ask you to tea tomorrow, where they dance. If you like, you may ask Mr. Norton to go along. I begin to observe that you two are rather fond of one another."

"O, Mr. Norton is just a valuable friend," returned Florence with a smile that quite deceived the other woman. "I shall be glad to go to the tea. But I shall not promise to dance."

"Not with Mr. Norton?" archly.

"Reporters never dance themselves; they make others dance instead."

"I shall have to tell that," declared the countess; and she laughed quite nastily.

"Then I have said something witty?"

"Indeed you have; and it is not only witty but truthful. I'm afraid you're deeper than the rest of us have any idea of."

"Perhaps I am," thought Florence; "at least, deeper than you believe."

When the countess fluttered down to her limousine—Florence hated the sight of it—and drove away, Florence remembered her letters. And when she came to the one purporting to be from her father, she read it carefully, bent her head in thought, and finally destroyed the missive, absolutely confident that it was only a trap, and not very well conceived at that. Norton had given her plenty of reason for believing all such letters to be forgeries. Her father, if he really wished to see her, would enter the house; he

would not write. Ah, when would she see that father of hers, so mysterious, always hovering near, always unseen?

It must have been an amusing adventure for the countess. To steal into the summer house and wait there, not knowing if Florence had advised Jones or the reporter. If caught, she had her excuses. Paroff, the confident, however, appeared shortly after.

"My child!" whispered the man. And Olga stifled a laugh; but to him it sounded like a sob.

"I am worn out," he said. "I am tired of the game of hide and seek."

"You will not have to play the game long," thought Olga.

"The money is hidden in my office down town. And we must go there at once. When we return we will pack up and leave for Europe. I've longed to see you so!"

"You poor fool! And they sent you to supersede Leo!" she mused.



"My Child!" Whispered the Man.

She played out the farce to the very end. She permitted herself to be pinioned and joggled; and for what unnecessary roughness she suffered at the hands of Paroff he would presently pay. He took her straight to the executive chamber of the Black Hundred and pushed her into the room, exclaiming triumphantly:

"Here is Hargrave's daughter!"

"Indeed!" said Olga, throwing back her veil and standing revealed in her mask.

"Olga!" cried Braine, laughing. And that was the inglorious end of the secret agent from Russia.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### Norton Makes a Discovery.

Perhaps the most amusing phase of the secret agent's discomfiture was the fact that neither Jones nor Florence had the least idea what had happened. Florence regretted a hundred times during the evening that she had not gone out to the summer house. It might really have been her father. Her regret grew so deep in her that just before going to bed she confessed to Jones.

"You received a letter of that sort and did not show it to me?" said Jones, astonished.

"You warned me never to pay any attention to them."

"No; I warned you never to act upon them without first consulting me. And we might have made a capture! My child, always show me these things. I will advise you whether to tear them up or not."

"Jones, I believe you are going a little too far," said Florence haughtily. "It might have been my father."

"Never in this world, Miss Florence. Still, I beg your pardon for raising my voice. What I do and have done is only for your own sake. There are two things I wish to impress upon your mind before I go. This can be made a comedy or a terrible tragedy. You have already had a taste of the latter; and each time you escaped because God was good to us. But he is rarely kind to thoughtless people. They have to look out for themselves. I am acting under orders; always remember that."

"Forgive me; I acted wrongly. But I'm so weary and tired of this eternal suspicion of everybody and everything. Can't I go somewhere, some place where I can have rest?"

"If I thought for a single moment it was possible to take you thousands of miles from this spot, it would be done this very night. But this is our fortress. So far it has been impregnable. The police are watching it; and that prevents a general assault

by the scoundrels. If we tried to leave we would be followed; and they play that game exceedingly well. Now, good-night. We'll have you out of all this doubt and suspicion one of these days. There will not be any past; that will be lopped off as you'd lop a limb from a tree."

"Please let it be quick. I want to see my father."

Jones' eyes sparkled. "And you have my word that he wants to see you. But I dare not tell you."

"Do you think he would object to Mr. Norton?" she asked, studying the rug.

"In what capacity?" he countered, forcing her hand.

"As—as a husband?" bravely.

Jones in turn studied the patterns in the rug. "It is only natural for a father to look high for his daughter's husband. But, after all, an honest man is worth as much as anything I know of. And Norton is honest and loyal and brave."

"Thank you, Jones. I intend to marry him when the time comes; so you may as well prepare father for this eventuality."

"There is an old adage—"

But she interrupted him. "If you have a new adage, Jones, I shouldn't mind hearing it. But I'm only just out of school, where old adages are served from soup to pudding. Good-night."

And Jones went to the rear of the house, chuckling.

In the passing it might well be observed that the Hargrave house had a remarkable menage. There was a gardener, a cook, and a maid; and the three of them reported to Jones each night before going to bed. They were all three detectives from one of the greatest organizations in America.

Finding themselves unable to lure Florence away from the environs of the Hargrave home, the Black Hundred set some new machinery in motion. Then proceeded to rid the house

of every one in it by a perfectly logical device. But the first step in this new move was going to be extremely delicate and risky. It was no small adventure to enter the Hargrave home; and yet this must be done. So finally "Spider" Beggs was selected for the work. The man could practically walk over crackery without causing a sound; he could climb a house by the window ledges; and he could hold his breath like those professional tank swimmers.

Three or four nights after the Paroff fiasco, Jones started the rounds, putting out the lights. He left the one in the hall till the last, for it was his habit, after having turned off that light, to stand by the door for several minutes, watching. One never could tell.

On the other hand, "Spider" Beggs never approached a house till an hour after the lights went out. Persons were likely to move about for some minutes later; they might want something to eat, a drink of water. So he remained hidden behind the summer house till long after midnight. When at last he felt assured that all in the Hargrave house were asleep, he moved out cautiously. Both his future and his pocketbook depended upon



Here Was an Operation That Needed All His Care and Skill.

the success of this venture. It took him ten minutes to crawl from the summer house to the veranda, and to have detected this approach Jones, had he been watching, would have needed a searchlight. Beggs hugged the lattice work for another ten minutes and then drew himself up and wriggled to one of the windows. Here was an operation that needed all his care and skill; to lift this window without sound. But he was an old hand and windows with ordinary locks were playthings under his deft touch. He raised the window, stepped over the sill into the library, and crouched down. He did not close the window; house thieves never do. They leave windows and doors open, because sooner or later they have to make their escape that way.

Presently he stood up, flashed his torch, found the library shelves, and tiptoed toward them. He then selected three or four volumes, opened them at random and laid neat packages of money between the leaves. It was not real money, but only a bank clerk could have told that. This done, he moved toward the window again.

"Stop!" said Jones quietly.

"Spider" Beggs gasped. It was so unexpected; but at the same time almost instinctively he plunged headlong through the window, and the bullet which followed snipped a lock of his hair. He threw himself off the veranda and scurried across the lawn, zigzag fashion. But no more bullets followed.

Jones turned on the lights and investigated the room, but he could not find anything disturbed, and naturally came to the conclusion that the intruder had been interrupted before he had begun his work. He turned off the lights and sat up the major part of the night. Nothing more happened. Florence came down, but he sent her back to bed, explaining that some one had attempted to enter the house and he had taken a shot at him.

"Spider" Beggs had a letter to write. He was in high feather. He had tackled a difficult job and had come away without a scratch. But he had the misfortune to write his letter to the secret service officials in a hotel often frequented by Norton. So Jim, on finishing his own letter, blotted it and casually glanced at the blotter.

A single word caught his eye. Being an alert newspaper man, always on the hunt for stories, he examined the blotter with care. It was an easy matter for him to read writing backward, having fooled away many an hour in the composing rooms. The word which had awakened the reporter's sense in him was "counterfeit."

He held the blotter toward the mirror and read enough to satisfy himself that the Black Hundred had become active once more. And this was one of the best ideas they had yet conceived.

Hargrave had always been something of a mystery to his neighbors. Where he had lived in other days was unknown; neither had any one the remotest idea from what source his riches had been obtained. And nothing was known of Jones or the daughter. It was a very shrewd method of clearing every one out of the house

and leaving it to be examined at leisure. And he had fallen upon this thing; he, Norton, all because his father had written him a sharp note about his bill and he had been provoked to reply in kind! Counterfeit money. There was quite a flurry these days over certain issues of spurious paper. It was so good that only experts could detect it. There were two plates, one for a ten and another for a twenty. For a while he was pulled between duty and love. Well, it would only add another interesting chapter to the general story when he published it. He started out to Riverdale to acquaint Jones with the discovery.

"Humph!" said Jones; "not a bad idea this. So that's what the sneak was doing here last night. I've been wondering and wondering. Let's have a look."

He went through the books and at length came across the three volumes. These held a thousand in excellent counterfeit.

"Mighty good work that. What are you going to do?" asked the reporter.

Jones rubbed his chin reflectively. "How long may a counterfeiter be sent up?"

"Anywhere from ten to twenty years."

"That will serve. My boy, this time we'll go and take Mr. Black Hundred right in his cubby hole."

"You know where it is?"

"Every nook and corner of it. Now you go at once to the chief of the local branch of the secret service and put the matter to him frankly. I, Florence, Susan, and the rest of us must be arrested. The wretches must believe that the house is empty. They'll rove about fruitlessly and will return to their den to report the success of the coup. All the while you and some detectives will be in hiding upstairs, dictagraph and all that. When the time comes you will follow. This will not reach the heads, perhaps, but it will demoralize the organization in such a way as to make it helpless for several months to come. There is a tunnel from the stables to this house."

"What a tunnel?"

"Yes, Mr. Hargrave had it built several years ago. I don't know what his idea was; possibly he anticipated an event like this. You and your men will find entrance by this method. It can be done without exciting the suspicions of the watchmen."

"Looks as if my yarn wasn't going to be delayed so long after all. Jones, you ought to have been in the secret service yourself," admiringly.

Jones smiled and shrugged. "I am perfectly satisfied with my lot—or would be if the Black Hundred could be wiped out of existence."

"I'll see the secret service people at once. I stand in well with them all."

"And good luck to you. We'll need good luck."

Norton was welcomed cordially by the chief. The secret service men trusted him and told him lots of tales that never saw light on the printed page. The reporter went directly to the point of his story, without elaboration, and the chief smiled and handed him the original letter.

"Norton, I've been after this gang of counterfeiters for months and they are clever beyond words. I've never been able to get anywhere near their presses. And for a moment I thought this note was from a squealer. I've a dozen men scouring the country. They find the bogus notes, but never the men who pass them. You see, it's new stuff. I know what all the old timers are at; but none of them has had a hand in this issue. Some foreigners, I take it, under the leadership of a man I'd very much like to know. Now, what's your scheme?"

Jim outlined it briefly.

"It all depends," said the chief, "upon the fact that they will be impatient. If they have the ability to wait, we lose. But we can afford to risk the chance. The man who wrote this letter is not a counterfeiter. He's an old yeggman. We haven't heard anything of him lately. We tried to corner him on a post office job, but he slipped by. He may be a stool. Anyway, I'll draw him in somehow."

"There'll be some excitement."

"We're used to that; you too. All we've got to do is to locate this man Beggs. There are signs of spite in this letter. Very well played, if you want my opinion. What's this Black Hundred?"

(To be continued)

Chicago, Ill., has 2000 union janitors.

## PRICETOWN.

Nov. 9 1914.

Farmers are taking advantage of the pretty weather and are getting their corn in the crib and fodder in the mow.

Orian Cochran and family visited Edwin Redkey and family, at Sugar-tree Ridge.

Opal and Pearl Landess spent Saturday night and Sunday with John A. Young and family.

Rev. Frank Foust filled his regular appointment at Mt. Olive Sunday and took dinner with Marion Britton.

Minot Pulliam and family attended Sunday School here Sunday and took dinner with Wm. Turner and wife.

Wm. Hawk and wife spent Sunday with Wm. Turner and wife.

The sad news of the death of Mrs. Dick Colvin, of Hillsboro, was received here Saturday.

Milt Foust and wife spent Sunday with John Smith.

John McConaughy and family entertained Frank Davis and family Sunday.

## TIMES FOR HOLDING COMMON PLEAS COURTS, A. D. 1915

### STATE OF OHIO, FIFTH JUDICIAL DISTRICT.

It is ordered that the terms of the Common Pleas Courts of the several Counties in said judicial district for the year 1915, be fixed as follows, to-wit:

Brown County on the 15th day of January and the 15th day of April, and the 15th day of October.

Clermont County on the 11th day of January and the 3rd day of May and the 4th day of October.

Fayette County on the 4th day of January and the 8th day of May and the 4th day of October.

Franklin County on the 4th day of January and the 12th day of April and the 9th day of September.

Highland County on the 11th day of January and the 13th day of April and the 4th day of October.

Madison County on the 11th day of January and the 12th day of April and the 4th day of October.

Pickaway County on the 4th day of January and the 15th day of April and the 4th day of October.

Ross County on the 4th day of January and the 5th day of April and the 4th day of October.

It is further ordered that Hon. Clarence Curtin be designated as Supervising Judge, and that said terms of Court begin at 9 o'clock a. m.

EDMOND H. DILLON, CLERK OF COURT.  
THOS. M. BIGGER, CLERK OF COURT.  
MARION G. EVANS, CLERK OF COURT.

JAMES W. TARBELL, CLERK OF COURT.  
CLARENCE CURTIN, CLERK OF COURT.  
JOHN W. GOLDSBERRY, CLERK OF COURT.  
FRANK RAYBURN, CLERK OF COURT.

Judges Fifth Judicial District.

Dated at Columbus, Ohio, this 30th day of October, A. D. 1914.

The State of Ohio, Highland County, ss:

I, W. G. Hogsett, Clerk of Court of Common Pleas, do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true copy of the original now on file in my office.

In Testimony Whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix the seal of said Court, this 25th day of October, A. D. 1914.

W. G. HOGSETT, Clerk.

Seal adv (11-26)

## Bankrupt's Petition for Discharge.

IN THE MATTER OF: In Bankruptcy, No. 5406

HOMER CONRAD, Debtor.

To the Honorable Howard C. Hollister, Judge of the District Court of the United States.

For the Southern District of Ohio, Homer Conrad, of Highland, in the county of Highland, and State of Ohio, in said district, respectfully represents that on the 1st day of October last past, he was duly adjudged bankrupt under the acts of Congress relating to bankruptcy; that he has duly surrendered all his property and rights of property, and has fully complied with all the requirements of said acts and of the orders of the courts touching his bankruptcy.

Wherefore he prays that he may be decreed by the court to have a full discharge from all debts provable against his estate under said bankruptcy acts, except such debts as are excepted by law from such discharge.

Dated this 3rd day of November, A. D. 1914.

HOMER CONRAD, Bankrupt.

## Order of Notice Thereon.

Southern District of Ohio: ss

On this 4th day of November, A. D. 1914, on reading the foregoing petition, it is ordered by the court, that a hearing be had upon the same on the 25th day of December, A. D. 1914, before said court, at Cincinnati, in said district, at ten o'clock in the forenoon; and that notice thereof be published in two newspapers printed in said district, and that all known creditors and other persons interested may appear at the said time and place and show cause, if and they have, why the prayer of the said petitioner should not be granted.

And it is further ordered by the court, that the clerk shall send by mail to all known creditors, copies of said petition and this order, addressed to them at their places of residence, as stated.

Witness the Honorable Howard C. Hollister, Judge of the said court, and the seal thereof, at Cincinnati in said district, on the 4th day of November, A. D. 1914.

H. E. DILLEY, Clerk.

By T. V. LAMB, Deputy.

Seal (11-19) adv

## Teachers' Examination.

The Highland county Board of School Examiners hereby gives notice that examinations of Applicants for Teachers' Certificates will take place in the Washington School Building, Hillsboro, on the first Saturday of September, October, January, March, April, May and the last Friday of June and August.

As prescribed by law, the fee for these examinations will be \$5 cents.

H. B. GALLIETT, Lynchburg, Pres.

J. E. SHANNON, Hillsboro, Vice Pres.

W. B. VANCE, Hillsboro, Sec. adv

## Wife—Any fashions in that paper, Jack?

Jack—Yes; but they're no use to you, dear. It's yesterday's paper.—The Music Trades

Harry—Marry me and your smallest wishes will always be fulfilled.

Carrie—I am able to do that myself. What I want is a man who will gratify my biggest wishes.—Town Topics.

Washington's new cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul will cost \$5,000,000.

One New Yorker has given \$500,000 for foundation.

## HUMPHREYS'

These remedies are scientifically and carefully prepared prescriptions; used for many years by Dr. Humphreys in his private practice, and for nearly sixty years by the people with satisfaction.

Medical Book mailed free.

No. FOR Price

1 Fevers, Congestions, Inflammations.....25

2 Worms, Worm Fever.....25

3 Cough, Crying and Wakefulness of Infants.....25

4 Diarrhea, of Children and Adults.....25

5 Cough, Croup, Whooping Cough.....25

6 Toothache, Frenchie, Neuritis.....25

7 Headache, Sick Headache, Vertigo.....25

8 Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Weak Stomach.....25

9 Croup, Hoarse Cough, Laryngitis.....25

10 Salt Rheum, Eruptions.....25

11 Rheumatism, Lumbago.....25

12 Fever and Ague, Malaria.....25

13 Piles, Blind or Bleeding, External, Internal.....25

14 Catarrh, Influenza, Cold in Head.....25

15 Whooping Cough.....25

16 Asthma, Oppressed, Difficult Breathing.....25

17 Kidney Disease.....25

18 Nervous Debility, Vital Weakness.....1.50

19 Urinary Inconvenience, Wetting Bed.....25

20 Sore